

# DEAF MUTE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

NUMBER 30

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## ALL SOULS' DAY.

Mrs. Carmarthen looked out through the grey-white lace curtains that veiled the hotel window on the grey-yellow morning of November 1st.

Down the dingy street rose ugly green arches spotted with crude red and blue shields and extravagant mottoes; tight rolls of red and blue bunting, that would have been flags if the wind had let them, marked the overhead-trolley wires at regular intervals; every window, every railing, was covered with red, white and blue; every cornice and ledge fluttered with little red flags that were feverish on their dirty background in the sallow light of a clouded sky.

Mrs. Carmarthen observed these things with as much artistic disgust as was compatible with profound indifference. She had to come to Halifax to assist at the reception of the first contingent of Canadian troops returning from South Africa as she did most things, because she was the wife of her husband. She was weary of patriotic leagues, sick of the raucous chant of *Soldiers of the Queen* that had made the streets ring for the last year. She turned impatiently from the window and settled herself to her toilette.

She knew perfectly well that the People—with a large P—were right and she wrong; would have given a pearl necklace for one spark of the enthusiasm that every street boy flamed with; it was she who was at fault, not the streets with their flags and arches; the meaning of them was better than the meaning of her soul, that despised them. A church bell, harsh, insistent, began to clang in the grey-white steeple she had seen over the opposite roofs; it had no sound of rejoicing in it, and, oddly enough, it startled Mrs. Carmarthen. There was mourning, exhortation, despair in that clanging bell; it—

"Oh, All Souls' Day, of course!" she said to herself with a curious relief; somehow the preparations for rejoicing, the flags and baked meats, had made her feel superstitiously that this was a haggard old town sitting decked in gaunts to invite disaster. But the bell that had caught her ear with so ill omened a sound was nothing but a summons to the faithful to come and pray for their dead.

Mrs. Carmarthen had no dead to pray for; besides she was not a devout woman—unless it were devoted to pray half the night in her sleepless bed for a man who was a vagabond on the face of the earth, a forswearer of oaths, a gambler, and a hard man at that. She thought no more of that reverent bell. It had nothing to do with her, who was not a religious woman.

Sometimes the minister's private secretary thought Mrs. Carmarthen's religion was Carmarthen's comfort; she observed it scrupulously enough. His house, his parties, his wellbeing that ran on wheels, were all her work; besides countless and important details such as smoothing out people who might have ruined him and being civil to women who knew too much about him. Even the private secretary never wondered whether she cared for Carmarthen or not; she left no loopholes for wonder. But he had once or twice found her with a deadly weariness on her face.

She was oddly dressed for a woman with copper hair when at last she joined Carmarthen in the hotel lobby. Her brown gown was turned back with dull white lace and satin, the neck of it filled in with a curious pale pink, very soft and transparent; there seemed to be scarcely anything between her white throat and the long chain of faint amethysts that encircled it twice and told to her waist.

"Will you be warm enough?" said the private secretary involuntarily. He was Carmarthen's cousin and white slave for an excellent salary and perhaps for the barren joy of sitting at Mrs. Carmarthen's table. If her religion were Carmarthen's the private secretary was clever to hide that his was not.

"Oh, I'll wear a coat." She knew perfectly well that though Carmarthen had never looked at her, he would have looked hard enough had she not been absolutely faultless, and she laughed with real

amusement. She had, for once, forgotten about Carmarthen when she dressed. The new French gown had reminded her of a day long ago when she had worn the same scheme of color with a girl's clumsy adjustment. She had made that brown serge herself and tucked an old *crepe de Chine* scarf round her neck under the bodice. There had been no amethysts to put over the pink then, and yet—she would not finish the thought. She took her place in the carriage beside Carmarthen, and as she drove through the crowded streets no one would ever have imagined that the minister's wife was totally uninterested in the heroes she was going to see land.

At the dockyard gates the half-washed, recklessly neck-tied and bountied crowd who were interested surged against the guard of marines and the ruthlessly shutting gates as the minister's carriage passed through. Only two relatives of each returning soldier had been allowed admittance tickets, the herd of cousins and friends and well-wishers outside had to wait; they trampled the street into choking dust clouds and wiped their eyes and noses on their sleeves; handkerchiefs with Union Jacks on them were for waving, not for business use.

Mrs. Carmarthen, with a curious glance at the sea of working faces, had driven through them dry-eyed. Neither the pathos nor the joy of them had come home to her; she felt a little sorry for the men who were coming back to people like these.

She slipped on her coat with the ermine as she got out of the carriage and walked down on the jetty. There was the admiral to shake hands with, the governor, the officer commanding the garrison, a few women to be civil to; the band marched by her and the guard of honor speckled in their red tunics, and lined up behind the little group of authority and politics. In a few minutes the band began to play and then—and not till then—did Mrs. Carmarthen look at what she had come to see.

The trooper lay broadside on to the jetty, her load-line high above the dull green gap of water between her and the land. The raw red orange of copper paint glared a full third up her side in the grey morning, and the dull black above it made it seem indecent. Mrs. Carmarthen's glance went higher up, to the double line of white rails round the deck. They stood out sharply against the muddy background of khaki that meant men who had been shot at and starved and rotted with fever, but Mrs. Carmarthen only saw it was an ugly mass of color after the scarlet uniforms below.

Some of the khaki background became alive, and turned into men who tugged with a will at the slowly rising gangway that had jibbed sullenly half way up. At the foot of it, crowding forward with each inch it gave, were those relatives of soldiers who had tickets. Some of them were of Mrs. Carmarthen's class, and their faces were as strained and patchy as those of the women in pitiful best clothes who allowed them. The gangway began to move up faster, the band stopped in the middle of a blaring march and slipped softly into something else—*Home, Sweet Home*, with chords.

They were the bandmaster's pride, those chords. Slow, quiet, very peaceful, they came on the air without ornament or riot of rejoicing.

"It's a dirge," said Mrs. Carmarthen sharply to the secretary, who only nodded absently.

It seemed to him very clever. The bandmaster's son had been killed in the war, and he must welcome home the live sons of other fathers. He did it without a minor chord or modulation; but even the visiting mayors of other towns saw the dead on the velvet though they shut their eyes to get rid of the mist in them. The bandmaster's eyes were open and hard.

"Come out of this crowd," Mrs. Carmarthen adjured the secretary; it was an uncalled for epithet applied to heads of department in affable conversation, but that *Home, Sweet Home* had been unpleasant.

"Up here," said the secretary briskly. An iron stage with a der-

rick on it was ten feet higher than the jetty, and he wanted to get within speaking distance of the Governor-General's A. D. C., whose gold *ciguiettes* were gorgeous over the white rail of the transport. A dozen people followed them up the iron ladder, unofficial strangers who had no hand to snatch at as the men came down the gangway. There was plenty of room behind the derrick, and a foot of platform and six of green water all there was between them and the towering black transport.

The secretary shouted gleefully to the Governor-General's aide (who had distinguished himself into a personage), and Mrs. Carmarthen's eyes followed the secretary's. For her the thing had dropped back again into a stage full of marionettes with the ending of that *Home, Sweet Home*. Her glance ran listlessly along the row of officers, tall and short, tanned and pale. Every man of them had a look he had not gone away with, a hardness as of long-fought irritation and anxiety; their smiles seemed only to veneer it thinly over. Mrs. Carmarthen looked for it in the eyes of the rows of privates and saw it was not there. They were grinning from ear to ear, clean and cheerful and in good case, their faces a line of brown and pink over their khaki.

"They're not a handsome lot, to be honest, nor particularly useful in every day life," thought Mrs. Carmarthen pessimistically. "They had better enjoy their little day of being heroes. They'll be starving next winter when people are tired of —" Her thought broke off in her head as if someone had hit it with a sledge-hammer.

Who was that leaning tall and quiet over the rail, his eyes on hers, his handsome face very still?

Mrs. Carmarthen's heart stopped beating.

She had never known he had gone to Africa; had not known where he was these five years past; had prayed for him in her sleepless bed these eighteen hundred and twenty-five nights, and said to herself she had forgotten on each relentless morning.

Her lips soundlessly and without her knowledge shaped themselves into his name, and as they did his eyes answered, and the answer clawed at the soul of Mary Carmarthen.

It was no matter where he had been, he was—merciless joy shook her where she stood—he was coming back! He was there before her eyes. God's mercy had given her back the sight of his face. And the men were beginning to come down the gangway.

It was for pure convenience that Mrs. Carmarthen turned her back upon her husband's private secretary; she had forgotten all about him, also all about Carmarthen, who yards away on the jetty was prosing about "my department" to the mayors of St. John. Her eyes were fathomless, shining jewels, her face translucent with the light of her soul; that was in rapture. Nothing, nothing at all, could matter after this; no duty be too weary, no self-denial too hard. To-day was the day of doom, and it did not mean damnation. There—from the very beginning perhaps God had meant so to pay Mary Carmarthen her wages; there—it stamped itself on her brain forever—was Philip Crichton coming down the gangway.

Mrs. Carmarthen threw back her head as if it were her business to be proud of him.

"He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest," she said to herself, which was perhaps very little appropriate to a lean, dark man walking down a gangway. She knew without seeing what had become of the single file of men who had gone down before him. They had been swallowed up by the crowd of relatives who smile crookedly and gulped in their throats as they turned away to the left with them, past Carmarthen and the heads of departments, off the jetty, and out on the yellowing grass of the free yard. The only difference with the men who had no relatives was that they bore away to the left alone. It would be an hour before they fell in again, company after company; an hour—

The private secretary turned from the disappearing line of his friends on the trooper as one by one they came down with their men, and perhaps his sins were not ripe for the reaping, for his start did not take him into the water below his toes.

Mrs. Carmarthen, in her Paris gown, was on her knees on the sooty iron staging, her ermine-trimmed coat trailing in a pool of rusty water, her hands stretched down to a man who stood on a beam below her Mrs. Carmarthen, who was always caring for appearances, was caring for nothing now but the hands that held hers; was crouching, fierce with joy and wonder, over the edge of the staging, was saying something over and over again.

"You, you, you," she said and the secretary jerked himself round that he might not see the look on her bowed face.

"Him!" he said to himself (and his elegant grammar had dropped off his speech and left it what it was in his first country school). "Good Lord, him! And I never knew she knew him. What'll I do. What on earth will I do?"

He was doing it even while he was wondering, putting his burly shoulders to the weather side of her (which meant Carmarthen) noting with his sharp little eyes that the rest of the people on the staging were nobodies, who did not even know her name, were nothing but a living screen between her and the people who did.

"Bill Crichton—and her!" he groaned (it was not to be conceived that there was anybody in Canada who knew Crichton by his name of baptism). "And back to Canada. Bill! There'd be black trouble if it were anybody but her."

The grim loyalty that believes in spite of seeing sat well enough on his ugly face, but it did not comfort him. Every single evil thing he knew was embodied for him in those two words, "Bill Crichton." "Pray the Lord he hasn't distinguished himself, got whitewashed out there," muttered the secretary, devoutly. "If he dares to stay in Canada and be about with decent people he'll be breaking her heart inside a month, and there will be no holding Carmarthen without her brake on him."

He was so dazed that he forgot to take out of his pocket a paper obtained from a friend in the Militia Department for Carmarthen's benefit—Carmarthen always wanted to be up in everything whether it concerned him or not—the record of every man in the contingent, his wounds, his services, his officer's report of him. It was the only time Carmarthen's thirst for information could have been of any use to his secretary, and he forgot it like a mere outsider; perhaps because he was sick with the groundless apprehension that Carmarthen might walk round the corner of the staging and see his wife holding Bill Crichton's hands.

For she was clutching them still; she had never stirred except to crouch a little lower towards him. She knew (though, perhaps, there were women who knew better) what the smooth, quick touch of his lips would be under the moustache that was so much fairer than his hair. She would have cast away her hope of glory to have felt that touch now.

The sun came out and struck those rows of flags that had been foolish, garish rags to Mrs. Carmarthen into a blazing glory alive and exultant in the wind. The meaning of them leaped to her blood; the victory of them; the rejoicing; the tears. She was sister to the women with ear-washed, smiling faces and unspeakable fineries; to the men who spat in the gutters while they cheered in the street above.

Life surged and thundered in her veins that had been stagnant, burned in her eyes and in her hands that gripped Crichton's.

"Aren't you glad?" she cried (and Carmarthen would not have known her voice). "You're so quiet." It was she who had been quiet when last she saw his face.

"Glad!" said Bill Crichton, and it was queer that she felt as if she saw his soul; usually she had not even known if it lived in his body. "It's all I asked for, Mollie, do you remember?—you've got a brown and pink gown on—it was like this once before."

"Never!" she quivered under the name no one ever called her, "never! I didn't know we were happy then. Now I know we're in heaven."

"It's a good exchange," he said simply as a man does of a satisfactory bargain. "I'd rather have this than heaven. I've come a long way just for this."

Causelessly his look reminded her that she was living before, not after the Judgment Day. Any second this might end, any stranger call him away; and at best there could be no more holding of hands after to-day.

"Where are you going!" she said with sudden jealousy of the house that would shelter him, the floors that would feel his step. "Are you going to stay in Canada?"

"I don't know. No," he answered almost carelessly.

"But you're 'time-expired.' You can stay if you like."

He shook his head; his eyes drank hers as if they were pools of Paradise.

"I'm not worrying over the future, Mollie"—his hands were warming as if her leaping blood had helped his that was thinned with fever—"you know now. You'll believe I loved you always, from far back."

She believed it; and out beyond and to the world to come—with her starved heart that had its fill as she gazed at him.

"I believe." It might have been the Creed she was saying "Phillip, is this all, out of all our lives?"

"I don't know," said the man the rest of the world called Bill. "But we've got to day if it's only to say good-bye. One day in the year is free to the dead, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"It's All Souls' Day. They say the dead can come back if they try hard enough or the living care. If the dead dare come back on the chance of that, why, so can I, Bill Crichton, blackguard and all the rest."

"Don't say those things," she flashed at him.

"Oh, you know them," gently. "It made no difference to you. That was why I came back, perhaps—but you know it wasn't. I wanted to see you and take the look of you to the grave with me. That's all."

"Why do you talk about your grave. Are you ill?"

"No," deliberately, "but you and I won't meet again till after death, I suppose. Love, my love, don't forget me! I was a blackguard to you in my day, but all the same the thought of you kept my beggarly soul alive. It was always yours, you know."

"It's part of mine," said the woman, slowly. "Bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh I never was, but as God sees me I'll keep your soul mine, past death and the grave, if I ever lay my eyes on your face again."

"Mrs. Carmarthen!" said the private secretary, and touched her shoulder in terror—for the last man was down the gangway, the band was moving, the people who had screened off Carmarthen dropping away one by one—"hadn't we better go?" and he started for the second time that day. For the face of Bill Crichton, ne'er-do-weel, loose-liver, and devil incarnate, shone where he stood like the face of one in Paradise; it was as if death itself had wiped the evil from him and left him clean for God's sight.

It was Bill Crichton who answered; Mrs. Carmarthen neither heard nor spoke.

"I'll go, Mollie," he said, "the time's up," and what else he said reached no ear but hers, for the secretary was glaring in despair over his shoulder to where Carmarthen ought to be. When he turned again there was no one at his side but Mrs. Carmarthen, standing up and utterly quiet.

In utter silence the secretary helped her to the ground; in amaze and rage left her at her carriage. She went straight to her hotel, Heaven having kindly ordained that she was not asked to the banquet of the returned heroes. The secretary stood turning over in his perturbed mind what would happen if Carmarthen had seen, after all, and should run across Crichton at the banquet.

"I must smooth it over the best I

can," he thought, and perhaps he was not without that three-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage that is the hardest of all. He hauled from his pocket his borrowed militia list and glared at it to find some shred of heroism or even decent behavior on which Mrs. Carmarthen might have been congratulating Bill Crichton.

He found it. He stood with his mouth open at the unbelievable record of Philip Hipsley Crichton (there was no Bill in the official list, but the almost forgotten name of an only son) till there came a voice within a foot of his nose.

"This is an awful business about Crichton! What ought we to do?" "What the devil to you mean?" said the secretary in the cold fury of fright.

"He's dead," said the Governor-General's aide simply. "What are you looking like that for? Are you going dotty from too much Carmarthen?"

"Dead?" The secretary's shrewd eyes stared glazed and stupid. "Dead! Why—" He never knew how he stopped himself, but he did, from saying that twenty minutes ago Crichton had been talking to Mrs. Carmarthen. "It's a mistake; a ghastly mistake!" he jabbered. For a moment he was oblivious of everything but the paper in his hand. "This says he's down for a V.C. and Lord knows what."

"I didn't know he was a pal of yours," the A.D.C.'s face was very gentle, "he hadn't many pals, you know, though he's made up for all that; he'd have had his V.C. if he'd lived. But he was more dead than alive from his wounds when he was put on board at Cape Town. After I came ashore this morning I went back to look after my invalids and found he'd got up and dressed and gone down the gangway—they said to speak to some woman. He came back as I was looking for him and was dead before I could get my arm around him—the nurse says he'd have died yesterday if he had been anyone but Bill Crichton; he was bound to live to get home. He must have been dying when he went ashore."

The secretary looked sharply at the A.D.C.'s eyes, but there was no intelligence in them. He thanked Heaven that Mrs. Carmarthen stood clear of talk, and that she was not the kind of woman who asked questions. She would never know the whole of it.

But Mrs. Carmarthen on her knees that night in her hotel bedroom knew well enough. Bill Crichton, after all, had whitewashed himself in Africa and had kept out of his grave clothes long enough to come and tell her so on the one day of the year that is free to the dead.—*The Teller*.

## Foods That Make You Blind.

Few people know that some foods are very injurious to the eyesight, and, indeed, many cause total blindness. Medical men agree that defects of vision are often attributable to this cause, and warn their patients against eating certain foods.

Stale sausages, sour cream and tainted rabbit pies are injurious to the eyesight. In one instance, a case was brought under the notice of an eye specialist in which the eyes of a whole family were affected by eating rabbit pie. In each instance the patient had become afflicted with a peculiar defect of vision that is technically known as "failure of accommodation."

The eating of chocolate was recently proved to be the cause in a case of weakening of the sight known as amblyopia. Blindness resulting from eating tainted fish has been found almost impossible to cure, and quinine is also responsible for some persons' half blind condition. This drug affects the optic nerve in a manner that sometimes ends in blindness.—*Ec*.

## His Economy.

Wyte—Brown is very economical, isn't he? Black—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an awl and hasn't any, instead of buying one will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew.

## MARYLAND.

### SEVENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION

### Of the Maryland Association of the Deaf.

TO BE HELD AT BALTIMORE, MD.,  
AUGUST 1ST TO 4TH, 1905

The Seventh Convention of the Maryland Association of the Deaf will be held in the Hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, on Madison Street, near Calvert, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 1st to 4th, 1905.

#### PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Morning, August 1st, 10 to 12 o'clock:  
Reception to members and the Deaf in general in the Society Hall.

Afternoon—2 to 5 o'clock:  
Prayer.  
Address by the President.  
Reports of Officers.  
Appointment of Committees.  
Addresses by Members and others.  
Announcement of Committee on Arrangements.

Tuesday Evening, August 1st, 7:30 to 10 o'clock:  
Report of Committee on Enrollment.  
Report of Committee on Nomination.  
Election.  
Miscellaneous Business.

Wednesday, August 2d:  
All day Excursion to Annapolis. Boat leaves Pier 16 Light St. Wharf at 8 A.M., sharp. Round trip tickets, Adults, 50 cents; Children between 5 and 12 years old, 25 cents.

Thursday, August 3d:  
All day Picnic in Druid Hill Park, Grove No. 8. Foot Races, Tug-of-War and other contests. Prizes will be awarded to the successful contestants.

Friday Morning, August 4th, 10 to 12 o'clock:  
Address by the President.  
Impromptu Address.  
New Business.

Friday Afternoon, August 4th, 2 to 5 o'clock:  
Paper.  
Discussions.  
Unfinished Business.  
Report on Committee on Resolutions.  
Address.

Friday Night, 8:30 o'clock:  
Banquet.

For information as to accommodations, Railroad Card orders, etc., address the Chairman of Committee.

J. A. BRANFLICK, Chairman  
270 Bernard St., Baltimore, Md.

ANNIE B. BARRY,  
FLORENCE ALBAN,  
WM. MCCLORY,  
GEORGE BROWN,  
Committee of Arrangements.

#### A Finny Acrobat.

No two leaps of the tarpon are quite alike. As the tarpon comes out into day his jaws distend, his gills flap open, and the mullet bait flies out across the water for a hundred feet, while he retches at the hook, shaking his head angrily from side to side, like a horse that fights his bit. In midflight he will turn and cut into the stream with a head on dive that makes a perfect cleavage of the whitened water. His next emergence may be a back somersault and his third a long distance jump with no height to it, but a substantial gain in feet. With infinite spirit he will continue his play until absolutely worn out, when the spring and somersaulting lapse into a long, rolling stroke from side to side, showing the two foot dorsal filament, which waves and floats out behind, like some independent water creature.—*Country Life in America*.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1634 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the Editor.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.  
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Nearth the all-uboholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

## Drowning Accidents.

ALREADY the drowning season has reaped a large harvest of victims. All over the country the same dreadful tale is told daily in the press, death in lake and river by accident in bathing, or sailing in frail boats. It is hoped that words of caution are not wasted at this time upon the dangers of both these agreeable pastimes of midsummer. The same advice can be yearly repeated and learned by rote with advantage. These accidents are nearly all preventable, and the consequences of some of them can be rendered much less serious by the prompt aid of those near at hand, if they but realize what is necessary to do. All pleasure seekers in small boats or canoes should know the danger of standing up to change places, especially when women are on board. The neglect of this precaution has caused the upsetting of many a boat and canoe, with loss of precious lives. Discussing this matter, the *New York Independent* observes that as for the fools who rock a boat for fun, all that may be added is that there is said to be a fool born every minute, and these, like the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" variety, are such glaring examples that one can scarcely be sorry for them if they cause only their own deaths and not that of any of those of the party with them.

Some words are necessary for the bathers. Very nervous people, and such as are liable to cramps of any kind, should not venture beyond their depth—unless they are assured of immediate help. There is another class, those who suffer from attacks of giddiness on land, or who have had serious difficulty with their hearing as the result of middle ear disease. In such cases there is often a pathological condition of the internal ear which predisposes to an accident that may cause total loss of the sense of equilibrium. It is usually said when good swimmers drown without having made much struggle, and sometimes without much outcry, that they have been seized by cramps so violent as completely to unnerve them.

It is much more likely that in most of these cases there has been an apoplexy in the semi-circular canals. These semi-circular canals constitute the organ of direction in man. By means of them, even with eyes bandaged or in the dark, he is able to direct himself to a considerable extent, and is able to tell the position that he occupies in a room. The presence of a previous ear disease predisposes these delicate organs to the occurrence of rupture of one of the small arteries within them.

Should this take place, there is at once a complete loss of the sense of direction, and an intense subjective sensation of vertigo that destroys all feeling of equilibrium. It is easy to understand that if this should occur when a swimmer is considerably beyond his depth, there would be little hope of his finding his way to land.

Swimming is after all mainly a balancing feat in the water, and the balancing sense would thus be destroyed. Hence the importance of guarding the ears from injury by

waves and the extreme advisability of those who have ever suffered from vertigo or from middle ear disease not taking chances in rough water beyond their depth.

Congenitally deaf persons possess in most cases the sense of equilibrium, because their deafness is not caused by the destruction of the tissues of the middle ear, but is usually the result of malformation of the auditory canal. Those who became deaf from sickness, and who are distinguished by the appellation "semi-mutes," almost without exception, are devoid of the sense of equilibrium. These latter should never dive, as it is always possible that there may be some deviation from the line of direction contemplated, and the difficulty of finding the surface is almost insurmountable. In such an emergency swimming and struggling beneath the surface of the water is not advisable. It is better to simply move the hands slightly, horizontally with palms downward, to and from the body, and in a very brief interval the buoyancy of the body will bring them to the surface.

AN esteemed friend writes that the "lid was on" at the Morganton Convention, yet no one accused Superintendent Goodwin of "kindergartening." Well, what of that? Isn't Mr. Goodwin a hearing gentleman, and therefore ineligible to the criticism and clamor which is too often aimed by the deaf at one another?

Lady (in bird store)—"Can the parrot talk?"  
Proprietor—"Say, lady. A woman's club reception is a deaf-mute convention compared with him."

### Albany and Troy Picnic

The deaf people of Eastern New York will hold their annual picnic at Electric Park, Kinderhook Lake, on Saturday, August 12th. Every one is urged to come. The round trip fare from Albany to the Park and return is only 40 cents.

### Maryland Picnic.

The Annual Picnic for the Maryland Deaf-Mutes will be held at Druid Hill Park, at Grove No. 8, on Thursday, August 3d, 1905. Bring lunch and spend the day with old and new friends. An excursion under the management of the Maryland Association of the Deaf will be to Annapolis, on Wednesday, August 2d.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

### ALBANY.

Philip Johnson, well known in the lumber district, who lives on Second Street, had his nose badly bruised and broken a few days ago. A piece of lumber fell upon him, while he was at work. He was taken to the dispensary at St. Peter's Hospital.

Mr. Chas. F. Mull is working at shoemaking at 125 Northern Boulevard, Albany, N. Y.

### Lambertville, N. J.

Robert C. Heller's oldest daughter Marguerite enjoyed her visit to her cousins in New York, two weeks ago. She had a grand time at Coney Island.

Alex. Dezendorf made a short visit on Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Heller, who were so glad to see him again.

Mrs. R. Heller will be delighted to have Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf, nee Margaret Highfield, visit her on Labor Day, to spend a week or more with her and her daughter.

Joe Penrose, Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose, is visiting his uncles, Henry and Robert C. Heller.

### Deaf and Dumb Recovers Voice.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., July 18.—Carl Dietz, who has been begging in this city for the past week with a card stating that he was deaf and dumb, was arrested yesterday. When searched \$500 was found on him. He discovered his voice in a hurry. He claims to be from Cincinnati.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, JULY 30TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. Services in Brooklyn, Newark and Paterson are discontinued until September.

Miss Minnie Olin, of Omaha, Neb., after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John E. Curry, 1135 Woodland Avenue, Toledo, O., departed Wednesday for Cincinnati, to be the guest of Miss Pollard a few days, then to Mrs. W. H. Hoy for a while.

## CHICAGO.

### Rev. Mr. Cloud's Lecture Again Postponed.

### PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS

### What Some of the Deaf are Doing.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. Mr. Cloud's lecture which was recently announced for Saturday evening, August 3d, has been postponed again on account of the reception which the Ladies' Aid Society had planned for two months or so to tender to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rutherford in the chapel on the same date. Mr. Cloud's lecture will be advertised later. It was put off out of courtesy to the Society and as a financial matter.

Let us all attend the reception and shower congratulations and good wishes upon the happy wedded couple who will labor with Rev. Hasenstab as much zeal as they can another year. Truly, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford deserve good support and much encouragement.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its annual picnic at Bergmann's Grove yesterday. About two hundred people were in attendance. The Committee is pleased to say that the picnic was a success in every way, and a handsome net amount was made. The lemonade and sodapop and icecream were sold like hot cakes all day until dark. All kind of games were contested for prizes, which are named below, viz:

50-yard dash—Clara Boerste.  
50-yard dash—Mrs. P. Rielly.  
100-yard dash—Felix Boerste.  
Egg race—Clara Boerste.  
Three-legged race—P. Block and F. Fischer.  
Running broad jump—Felix Boerste.  
Hop, skip and jump race—Felix Boerste.

Yesterday was a "Red Letter Day." It was perfectly lovely with plenty of cool breezes. What a most delicious drink of ice-cold spring water we had. It runs out of a deep bluff by the Desplaines River all the year around.

The Pas-a-Pas Club will give a boat excursion to Michigan City, Ind., on Saturday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, August 12th. The Steamer "Virginia" leaves the Rush Street Bridge at that time sharp, and Michigan City at 10 o'clock P.M. The passengers will land for two hours only, but arrangements are being made by the Committee whereby we will have a splendid time on the boat. Tickets, 75 cents. We can get up at sunrise and finish our usual work at noon and hurry off to the boat with lunch baskets in time to inhale fresh air on the lake for six hours each way.

On Saturday morning, July 15th, about twenty-five members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and friends, accompanied by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hasenstab and Miss Laura Sheridan, went on board the Great Steamer "Christopher Columbus," and reached Milwaukee at 2:30 o'clock. After visiting the city park by the lake for about two hours, most of the visitors returned home at ten, but four of us staid over night, two of us being the guests of my old schoolmate, Henry Stengele, whose pretty home is located beautifully on a clean-paved street, edged by fine lawns and shade trees. The next day (Sunday), after dinner, we all attended the annual picnic of the deaf-mutes in a small, but delightful park, under the auspices of the Lutheran Church for deaf-mutes.

About thirty-five members of the Chicago Lutheran Church, headed by their pastor, Rev. Reinke, went to Milwaukee by the Steamer "Virginia," Saturday night, and joined the picnicers by playing all kinds of games and meeting their old friends and chums. Rev. Reinke spoke on the schools for the deaf and on the lack of education for deaf-mutes elsewhere, and on the blessings and needs of the church, etc., before the contests for prizes took place. We returned home at 10 P.M., feeling grateful for the kindness and hospitality which we were treated in Milwaukee.

Chas. Wolfe says he has never enjoyed himself so much before in this attractive city, and concluded to stay another week before going back to St. Louis.

Anton Tanzas and his sister Marie, pupils of "Fanwood," are visiting their parents in Chicago. They called at the club rooms this afternoon.

Mrs. Kingon returned home a few days ago from Cincinnati, where she enjoyed a most delightful

visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoy for several weeks.

Fred Kauffman and his family are stopping at the latter's old home in Milwaukee for two weeks' rest.

Oscar H. Regensburg rusticates at almost every resort on the lakes Saturdays, and returns to his office Mondays, feeling well refreshed and in excellent spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Mr. Kingon took a round trip to Diamond Lake, Wis., for a short while, and also went to Waukegan, Ill., for sight-seeing, on the Fourth of July.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold its annual picnic on Labor Day (September 4th), at some park, which will be announced later.

The five children of Alfred Bierlein are summering at the old home-stead of their grandparents in Ohio, but will return home in time to attend school.

Miss Lottie Haggart, of South Bend, Ind., attended the picnic yesterday and church to-day.

The Ephpheta Sodality Club composed of Catholic deaf-mutes, will hold its first annual picnic at Schultz Grove, on Saturday, August 30th. Admission, 25 cents a person. Take cars on the 12th Street, direct to the end, and walk one block to the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Witte start for Wisconsin in a few days for two weeks' visit to their relatives.

Misses Nannie Mather and E. Gabler, of Jacksonville, Ill., are visiting friends in Chicago, for a week, the former being a guest of Mrs. O. J. Thomas.

E. E. Carlson, made a flying round trip to Groesback, Dallas and Fort Texas and enjoyed one week's visit to his relatives and friends.

Clarence Hayman and Bertha Ness were married at the Lutheran Church, Rev. Reinke performing the ceremony in the evening of July 12th, and went to house-keeping immediately, at 169 Crystal Street.

S. H. HOWARD,  
5646 Jefferson Ave.

### ST. LOUIS.

Galludet School was represented at the teachers' convention at Morganton by the Principal and Miss Herdman. Residents of St. Louis have one advantage at convention time, and that is when the convention is not held at their home city, they do not have to cross the continent to get to it, and it is usually possible to take a new route to any old place where it may be held. So remote is New England from the "scene of action" that a representative from that section is something of a curiosity.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann has gone to Oklahoma City to accept a position in the line of his profession—architecture. What Oklahomians want are cyclone-proof domiciles, and Mr. Steidemann is the man to construct them.

Miss Angeline Molloy was tendered a reception by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burgherr, on the evening of the 22d. Miss Molloy leaves shortly for St. Paul, for an extended visit with relatives. St. Paul will, no doubt, try to alienate Miss Angeline's affections from St. Louis. Should he succeed, he will never be forgiven.

The Public Opinion and Galludet Union meetings have been suspended until September. With the assistance of Mr. Steidemann as lay-reader, weekly services at St. Thomas Mission have been maintained for over two years. Now that the lay-reader is no longer available services, will have to be omitted when the regular minister is absent.

Miss Bright, a teacher in the State School at Fulton, is doing governess duty in the city, trying to make a backward pupil go forward. Such pupils need exceptionally bright teachers, and this one is particularly fortunate in that respect.

Miss Ivy Myers is summering "in the woods between the hills" near Lebanon, Mo. Miss Myers may be mistress of all she surveys, but that does not prevent us from wishing that the babbling brooks, green hills, shaded dells, balmy air and vernal skies were also ours and yours.

Children are apt in giving plausible explanations for every kind of phenomena that comes under their notice, and those of deaf parents are especially so. A puppy was recently sporting himself before a group of that particular variety of young Americans when the question came up as to why the puppy's tail was so curved. Any other question would have been answered off hand and at once, but this one required serious thought. The answer was forthcoming, however, when one of them, with vision of the Pike and Forest Park Highlands still fresh in mind, remarked that the puppy's tail was curved so that the fleas could loop-the-loop.

Paying for experience is almost as valuable to a man as betting on horse races.

## INDIANA.

### Death Enters the Klein Household.

### ENTERTAINED IN THE COUNTRY.

### Deaf-Mute's Pocket Picked.

INDIANAPOLIS IND., June 20th, 1905.—We are now definitely located at 320 Blake St., Indianapolis, and those having items for this column should act accordingly.  
A. H. NORRIS.

We regret much to record the death of Elizabeth, the 36-days-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Klein. When the baby came into the world a short time since, she gave every evidence of health and strength, but the hot weather did its part and baby died of cholera infantum. Mr. and Mrs. Klein have the heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends.

Wm. Swink is home from South Carolina for the summer. He attended the Morganton convention, and reports that it was a success in every way. We understand that Mr. Swink has resigned his position as instructor in wood working at the South Carolina School. Just what our friend will do is uncertain, but it is rumored that he has another position in sight.

Mrs. John Cavanagh and son Herman, are visiting relatives at Lafayette.

Gen. U. S. G. Martyn and Prof. Frank M. Adams, of Shelbyville, were passengers on an excursion to Lake Maxinkuckee, last Sunday.

N. Lee Harris packed his grip yesterday and betook himself to Lake Wauwassee, for a three weeks' outing. He has promised not to bring back any fish stories.

Robert Earl Binkley, to pass the time until college opens in September, now daily toils with file and chisel at the works of the Commercial Electric Co., of this city. Robert is with us in the flesh, but 'tis rumored his heart is elsewhere.

Joseph McCullough has gone to Portland, Ore., to seek his fortune. Good luck to you, Joe. Wish we were there.

Howard B. Overheizer finds it exceedingly difficult to deny all the reports his cronies, George Arnot; F. Sackett, L. Sackett and Wm. Spitzfadden, persist in starting about him. There is an alarming similarity about these reports, and one can reasonably expect something interesting to happen soon.

The season of the Washington Spring Bowling League closed last night, with the silent team, known as the Bugaboos, hopelessly in the rear. This team has decorated the tail end all season, and modestly forbids that we publish their percentage. Nevertheless our friends have enjoyed the sport, and are already laying plans for next season.

Courtesy of B. A. Richards.

About twenty deaf-mutes of Ft. Wayne and vicinity were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanagh, at their beautiful little country home, a few miles from Rome City, Sunday, July 16th. The affair was given as a surprise on their son, Herbert, who had reached the thirty-sixth milestone of life. The following were those present: Messrs. and Mesdames B. A. Richards, Huntington, Leonard Appleman and two children, Mongo, Aug. Moellering, Louis Berghorn, Miss Carrie Kilsey, Messrs. S. A. Heilbronner, Dike Kerr, Allison Rudisill, Jno. Weller, Ft. Wayne; John Tyler, Wolf Lake; Robert Ritter, Kinnell. Most of the party boarded the train at Ft. Wayne at 6 A.M., arriving at Rome City one hour later, and were met at the depot by Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh, where they were met by Herbert and his parents. It was a complete surprise to him, as he was not aware that anything of the kind was contemplated. One of the first things they did was to pin a large red bandanna handkerchief on his back unaware, bearing the words "Old Bachelor—1905." This he wore for several hours, much to the amusement of those present.

The usual good time was indulged in until dinner, when all were seated to an elaborate and appetizing country dinner, starting with fried spring chicken, with the usual accompaniments, and closing with ice-cream and cake. After dinner, Mr. Rudisill took several pictures of those present, and the time till four o'clock was whiled away in conversation and in looking over the farm. A prettier farm we have never seen, and when it comes to raising fruits and vegetables, Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh can hold their own with the best of them. At four o'clock the horses were brought and hitched to the hack, and after the usual good byes, the party boarded, expecting to leave immediately, but not one of the horses positively refused to move, in fact, it balked

### RIDDLES.

Charles James Fox is the author of this neat epigram, as well as enigma, about "A Bed":

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,  
And most employed when others sleep;  
What few would wish to give away,  
And none would wish to keep.

### THE LETTER H.

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell.  
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;  
'Twill be found in the sphere when it's riven asunder;  
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;  
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,  
It assists at his birth attends him in death;  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,  
Is the prop of his house and the end of his ear;  
In the heaps of the miser it's hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir;  
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound;  
It plays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned;  
Without it the soldier, the sailor, may woe to the wretch who expels it from home;  
In the whisper of conscience it's sure to be found;  
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;  
'Twill soften the heart, but, though deaf to it,  
It will make it acutely and instantly hear;  
But in short let it rest like a delicate flower,  
Oh, breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour."

### THE LETTER I.

"I am not in youth nor in manhood nor age,  
But in infancy am ever known;  
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,  
And though I'm distinguished in history's page,  
I always am greatest alone.  
'I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon;  
You may search all the sky—I'm not there;  
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,  
You may plainly perceive me, for like a balloon,  
I'm always suspended in air.  
'Though disease may possess me, and sickness and pain,  
I am never in sorrow or gloom;  
Though in wit and wisdom I equally reign,  
I am the heart of all sin, and have lived long in vain;  
Yet I shall never shall be found in the tomb."

Still another gem without a claimant is this:

### THE VOWELS.

"We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features;  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet,  
T'other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within;  
If the fifth you should pursue—  
It can never fly from you."

### FIGURE ON THIS.

Boys who get tired of going to school should read the following, written by Superintendent Adams, of Lafayette College: "The average educated man gets a salary of \$1,000 per year. He works 40 years, making a total of \$40,000 in a life-time. The average day laborer gets \$1.50 per day, 300 days in a year, or \$450 in a year. In 40 years he earns \$18,000. The difference of \$22,000 equals to the value of an education. To acquire the earning capacity requires 12 years at school of 180 days each, or 2,160 days. Divide \$22,000 the value of education by 2,160, number of days required to get it, and we find that each day at school is worth a little more than \$10 to the pupil. Can't afford to keep them out, can we?—Sel.

## MORGANTON

Send in your order for PACH'S Beautiful Souvenir Groups.

Glossy, \$1.25. Carbonette, \$1.50  
Platinum, \$2.00

1. The Whole Convention.
2. Superintendents and Principals.
3. The Wives of the Superintendents.
4. The Ohio Delegation.

Mailed free on receipt of price.

Address

Alex. L. Pach,

935 Broadway, New York.

badly. In the meantime, the party had scrambled out, and had about come to the conclusion they were to be forced to walk to the city—a distance of two miles, when a good angel in the form of a neighboring farmer offered the use of his horse, which was gladly accepted, and the party was driven to Rome City without further incident. After wandering about the beautiful park for several hours, they boarded the train for home, all voting it the most enjoyable affair they had attended in years. As royal entertainers Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh and son need not take a back seat for any one. Herbert received many nice presents for his birthday.

William Van Arsdol, the venerable blacksmith, while boarding the car at Fort Wayne, was relieved of a pocketbook containing \$8.20 and a gold ring. Mr. Van Arsdol had attended Barnum & Bailey's Show, and had taken the precaution of secreting his wallet in order to foil any attempt at pickpocketing. When he came to the station in the evening he transferred his pocket-book to his trousers pocket, preparatory to paying his fare on the car to Roanoke, fifteen miles from Fort Wayne. There was a great jam at the station, and there was quite a rush to get aboard. As "Uncle Billy" was ascending the steps he felt some one go into his pockets. He attempted to arrest the efforts of the thief, but was too late. Mr. Van Arsdol is quite strong in the arms, and had he gotten hold of the miscreant would undoubtedly have punished him considerably.

The Rev. A. W. Mann conducted religious services for deaf-mutes at Fort Wayne, in Trinity Episcopal Church, July 12th.

Messrs. Heilbronner and Snyder, of Fort Wayne, are planning for a big reunion at Robinson Park soon, but date is not yet fixed. The attendance is promised to be the largest they ever had in the park.

Mrs. B. A. Richards has been visiting at various Illinois points the past three weeks, and she had a very pleasant time.

Ed. J. Hecker, editor of the *Silent Hoosier*, was in the city last Saturday, and gave Mr. Richards a pleasant call at his business place. Mrs. Nancy Woolpert is in Ohio, visiting her mother and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Kummer, of Fort Wayne, were in New Haven Sunday, and they brought home with them a basket full of nice cherries.

Wm. Pugh was in Logansport recently and paid his particular friend a visit.

Nike Kerr, of Ligonier, has been in Fort Wayne the past seven weeks, working at his trade, that of a linotype operator.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards and Sam A. Heilbronner were the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilcoets, in Marion, one Sunday recently.

### THEIR YEARS ARE WASTED.

EXTRAVAGANT HABITS ROB BALL PLAYERS OF BENEFIT OF BIG SALARIES.

The worst fault of the base-ball business is that it teaches young men the habit of extravagance and high living, writes Jimmy Ryan, once one of the best.

Naturally the players on each great team are lauded as heroes by their admirers; the newspapers are full of accounts of their doings; they meet hundreds of "good fellows" who want them to drink, smoke or carouse with them. They meet "sports" of wealth, and they try to imitate these "sports." They spend their money for rich clothes, wines, costly cigars and diamonds, and usually when they are suddenly confronted with a ten days' notice of release the diamonds are about all that they have left to show for the earnings of years. The old timers were more reckless in this regard than the new generation of ball players, but there are enough youngsters now wasting money.

To me it is a sad commentary on the game to see the great stars of other days toiling as day laborers. The greatest pitcher of them all is digging ditches in Indianapolis; perhaps the greatest infielder the world has known is clerking in a cigar store at \$12 a week. I have seen him spend \$300 in one night. I find them in cheap saloons, on police forces, in city jobs, but few in any established business and still fewer accumulating wealth. They wasted their years and time on the ball field and wasted the money that they earned.

At the end of a baseball career the player is usually left stranded in the business world. He gains a false idea of his own importance from the cheers of the crowd—and the crowd forgets him almost as soon as he gets out of his uniform. He depends upon some of his powerful "friends" to get him a position when he gets through. The end usually comes with startling suddenness. The friends that he relied upon are not so friendly to a back number as to a brilliant player. He drifts to the minors, drops out of sight and seldom rises again.

Some men are so liberal-hearted they pray for the furnace to break down, so it can't burn coal.



## NEW YORK.

### A Pleasant Trip to the Jersey Beach.

### A CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

#### Other News Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Messrs. Pach, Soper and Hodgson spent Saturday at Asbury Park, going down on the 12:40 flyer. They incidentally met Messrs. F. W. Nubser and Jacques Alexander, and later Mr. H. J. Haight. All of these gentlemen made a call at the Lake Avenue Hotel, where a very pleasant hour was passed in conversation with Miss McCowen, Superintendent of the Chicago Day Schools for the Deaf, and Miss Cornelia Bingham, Principal of the Chicago Pure-Oral School. They also met Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pach. The former is a brother of our versatile friend, Alex L., and is manager of the United Cigar Company, for Southern New Jersey. He is always most genial and generous to the deaf people he knows. His better half is quite a handsome and amiable lady, and can talk by the manual alphabet with readiness and celerity. Altogether, Saturday's trip to the Jersey seashore was more than ordinarily enjoyable.

The committee having charge of the management of the Outing of the League of Elect Surds, announces that the games for children will positively take place at 2:30 P.M., on Saturday, August 5th. No admission fee will be charged. There will be four prizes for the little ones, and special prizes will be awarded in the Cake Walk. Those who desire to witness the games and dancing competition for prizes by children should attend early. Mr. Ambrose K. Reiff has arranged special music for the afternoon, which will interest both young and old people.

This is the story of the "League of Elect Surds' Fishing Club." For many moons the "boys" have been regaled with wonderful fish stories told by C. J. LeClercq, the club's crack piscatorial artist. Then they recalled A. L. Pach's wonderful catch of weak-fish last summer, so the natural result was a decision to "go fishin'" July 23d at 7 A.M. the time, Ulmer Park the rendezvous, and off Seabright the scene of the triumphs. For two weeks, Max Miller, Louis A. Cohen, T. L. Lounsbury, Fred Hoffman and others, including the two first named, got busy preparin'. By the night of the 22d, bait, tackle, lunch baskets and all essentials were stowed away, and five A.M. of the 23d every man jack of them turned out of bed and found a rain storm on. Only the intrepid Lounsbury braved the elements and kept the tryst. The rest of this story is necessarily postponed till next week's issue, because that's what happened to the fishing trip.

Albert J. Hockstahl, of Yonkers, who has been employed on experimental work with the firm of Folmer and Schwing, photo camera makers, in New York, for a couple of years, has for the past few months been acting as foreman of the finishing department. Now comes the news that the Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y., has bought out the above named firm, and it is likely that the entire New York plant will be removed to Rochester, and many of the employees will likewise move there. Mr. Hockstahl isn't decided yet whether he'll move to Rochester or not. Mr. J. E. Taplin, of Brooklyn, is employed in the same factory.

The members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League sadly miss the useful services of "Teddy" S. Rose. He left this city last Thursday for Kennebunkport, Me., where he will spend a month with his folks who have a fine cottage in that salubrious summer resort. While en route, he met Mrs. John Chamberlain and her son, at Portland.

Messrs. Nubser, Kohlman and "the writer" made a trip to Rockaway Beach, last Friday evening, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Luther Taylor, who were spending a few days at Sea Beach hotel. The great deaf-mute ball twirler travelled to an from the Polo Grounds daily, but got the benefit of the cool ocean breezes every night.

Fred Hoffman's mother had a narrow escape from death last week. As it is, she is quite badly bruised. While reading a newspaper in the parlor of her home, a large section of the plastering of the ceiling fell, hitting her squarely upon the top of the head. Under medical attendance she is slowly improving.

Mrs. Emma V. Brown has gone to Amityville, L. I., for a stay of two weeks.

Mr. M. Korngold, on the 15th inst., while returning home late at night was followed by what he thinks, were two highwaymen, but as he got home without any mishap befalling him, it is likely the supposed highwaymen were only going in the same direction as himself.

Mr. W. W. Thomas, who was recently in Hartford, Ct., has in his possession a fine photograph of the Gallaudet Burial Plot, taken by himself. Later on, he intends to take a snapshot of the Peet plot in the same cemetery.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his place of employment, the Palisade Manufacturing Co. He makes occasional side trips to places of interest and amusement.

Leon H. LeFevre, of Washington, D. C., is again in town, on business connected with the Treasury Department, of which he has been a valued employe for over sixteen years.

Mr. Frank E. Beirne, of Port Jervis, N. Y., was a guest of Mr. William H. Farnham, of Brooklyn, for several days.

### CONCERNING PROCTOR'S THEATRES.

WEEK OF JULY 31ST.

Unquestionably the strongest play ever penned by Mr. Clyde Fitch is "Nathan Hale," which Nat Goodwin found useful and successful during one of his recent tours. The story of the self-sacrificing hero is told in this drama with a great deal more than Mr. Fitch's usual force. The play is both picturesque and pathetic. It is now to be produced for the first time by any stock company at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, where it is sure to have a careful and effective presentation at the hands of Mr. Proctor's excellent stock. The title role will be played by Mr. Howard Kyle, a young actor of uncommon ability, who has already starred in the piece on the road. He has been especially engaged to play the part in the Fifth Avenue, where he will have the valuable assistance of all the favorite members of the stock company, including J. H. Gilmour, Charles Abbey, Dudley Hawley, Geoffrey Stein, Wallace Erskine, Helen Tracy, Francis Starr and others. The piece will be staged with new scenery and the famous apple orchard scene, it is promised, will be most beautifully represented.

In "Forget-me-Not," the thrilling drama used recently by Miss Rose Coghlan, Proctor's 125th Street Theatre will offer an uncommonly attractive program for the week beginning July 31st. There are three acts in "Forget-me-Not," and there is enough material in each act for many plays that are often staged nowadays. "Forget-me-Not" deals with a certain phase of life as seen in European capitals. It is a story of English diplomacy intermingled with Italian revenge and each character represented is a distinct type of personality, frequently met with in Continental Europe. The fascinating adventures, Stephanie, the susceptible Englishman, Horace Welby, and the crafty, villainous Italian Barrato. "Forget-me-Not" will be in the hands of the best players in the up-town Proctor Company.

Another great All-Star Vaudeville Carnival will be held at Proctor's 23d Street Theatre during the week of July 31st. This headed by that Queen of Comic Opera, Miss Della Fox, who has been a tremendous success in vaudeville. The Four Lukens, the world's greatest gymnasts, will appear positively for the last time in America, prior to their tour through Europe. The Rappo Sisters will offer their remarkable and artistic Russian dances. Charley Case, is better than ever in his new monologue, which consists of more excellent and humorous stories about his father. Edward Bixley & Company in a new farcical sketch, the Doherty Sisters in their big dancing act, which has scored all over Europe, A. P. Rostow, the world renowned Russian equilibrist, who is from the Imperial Russian Circus at St. Petersburg, the American Musical Johnstones, the greatest Xylophone artists, a new programme of motion pictures and other capital attractions round out this remarkable bill.

At Proctor's 58th Street Theatre, for the week of July 31st, the thrilling naval melo-drama, "The Gunner's Mate," will be the offering. Special and elaborate scenery will be employed for this beautiful scenic production. The cast, which will be one of unusual brilliance, will include Mr. James Durkin, Miss Adele Bloch, Miss Marion Berg, Mr. Charles Arthur, Mr. Wm. Norton, Miss Louise Mackintosh, Mr. Robert Rogers, Mr. George Howell, and all the other favorites.

### Services for Deaf-Mutes.

JULY, 1905.  
30-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.  
4:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Brooklyn.  
Services every Friday at 3:30 P.M., at New England Home, Allston.

S. STANLEY SEARING.  
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,  
604 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

## OHIO.

### To Re-Open the Cleveland Day School.

### THE LATEST NEWSPAPER YARN ABOUT KIHM.

### The News of the Week in a Condensed Form.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 22, 1905.—At a meeting of the Cleveland Board of Education on the 17th inst., a communication was received and read from the Cleveland Association of Parents and Friends of the deaf asking the Board to reconsider its action of last Spring, closing the Day School for the Deaf. The communication expressed confidence that the next legislature would enact a law establishing the school's existence. The Board therefore decided to re-open the school in the Fall, and the Superintendent was authorized to prepare a curriculum.

Miss Annie L. Parmele, of Columbus is spending two weeks at Cleveland, as the guest of Mrs. A. W. Mann.

The picnic of St. Agnes' Mission at Euclid Beach, Cleveland, on Saturday afternoon, July 15th, was largely attended. A few were present from nearby towns. The Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann were there.

The Rev. Messrs. Hyslop and Mann conducted a joint service at Trinity Church, Tiffin, O., in the evening of July 13th. It was well attended by both hearing and deaf-mutes.

Here's the latest yarn about Kihm from the *Evening Dispatch*:

"Although Dummy Kihm cannot talk, he is the hero of countless stories. Geo. Yeager, who was with Columbus last year, is authority for the statement that Kihm talks in his sleep. Last season George roomed with the silent one on the trips of the Senators over the circuit; that is, he started out but never finished the first jaunt. George says that Kihm was always early to bed and early to rise and when he usually turned in the Dummy was in the throes of a fierce sleep. About the time Yeager was ready to drop off there came a line of talk that resembled Silk O'Laughlin's strikes, balls and base decisions. Yeager understands the sign language, but he did not understand the Dummy's Sanskrit vocabulary. What he did understand was that it took him about two hours to get to sleep and he finally had to arouse the sleeper to get the desired nap. George stood it for about two weeks and then had to room with some one else. But he never got over telling about Dummy talking in his sleep."

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, Principal Patterson and the pupils, taken along to give exhibitions, returned from the Morganton Convention early Sunday morning. All agree that it was a fine affair, the scenery along the route magnificent, the Institution and grounds grand, and the North Carolina folks true blue in hospitality. The stay-at-home folks felt rather disappointed that they couldn't enjoy the trip and convention—still Ohio has cause to feel good, for she had the largest State representation, even outdoing that of the old Tar State. Miss Ethel Zell came home later in the week, as did several others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Canode were visitors at the Institution Tuesday. They had been at Baltimore, O., visiting the former's parents. Both were educated at the Indiana School. Mr. Canode is now foreman of the tailoring department of the Missouri School. While here, their former teacher, Miss Olivia Brunning, showed them about the city.

Miss Frances Walker, teacher in the Alabama School, has been the guest since Tuesday of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood. Miss Walker is related to a former matron here, Mrs. Swan.

Mrs. A. B. Greener and Mrs. P. P. Pratt were visitors at the Home from Wednesday to Friday evening, and the people there were delighted with their company. It is hay harvest at the Home this week, the writer assisting Superintendent Byers with such of the men there as can work. Rain interfered somewhat and there are still about two big loads to cut, cure and barn. There will be in all from twelve to fifteen tons.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zorn left Friday for North Baltimore, to visit his mother's home until the latter part of August.

Mr. P. Bengsch, of Cleveland, is back home after a couple of weeks' vacation visiting eastern cities and Canada. He was at Buffalo, Nia-

gara Falls, Queenstown, Canada, Lewistown, N. Y., Rochester and Brighton. He reports meeting a number of deaf friends and having a very pleasant time with them. The lay off did him good for he could work the better after his return.

Miss Fredda Dreyer left for her home, Findlay, this morning.  
A. B. G.

### Edgewood Park, Pa.

Summer time is slow time, and why shouldn't it be since to hustle is to raise the temperature which is usually and naturally high enough in July. Baseball and tennis enthusiasts don't seem to mind it, however, judging by the vim they play their favorite games. There is nothing doing on our court for it has been out of commission for more than two weeks. Messrs. Downing and Teegarden began to make improvements, but found the work too arduous and the heat too intense to keep up a continuous performance. The rackets will soon be cracking again, however.

Among the deaf generally, about the only thing to break the monotony are picnics and excursions. On July 22d, the Trinity Deaf-Mute Guild held its first annual picnic at Kennyswood Park. There was quite a crowd present, and the fun was carried on far into the shades of the night. The Pittsburgh Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will have its outing August 8th, at Rock Point. A large crowd is expected to take this excursion for the place is very popular and the expense small, besides all the deaf between here and Beaver Falls can join.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Moran and Dan Junior, have hied themselves to the farm in the neighborhood of Youngstown, and no doubt, ere this, Dan Sr., has been initiated into all the mysteries of harvesting, and has found it as easy to fall off a load of hay as to roll off a log, literally. The farm is a nice place to spend the Summer, even if you help in the fields. The farm not only grows immense pumpkins and thistles, but enormously sharp appetites as well, so we may expect our friends to return later with increased avoirdupois and vigor such as they never experienced before—if they don't get homesick too soon.

It is reported that on July 12th or 13th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Zeber, of Brushtown. This, of course, makes the Franktown Avenue home more complete, and congratulations are due.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Allabough leave to-day for Hunkers, that popular resort for the deaf, near Greensburg, to be the guests for a week or so of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Pool. We are not sure this is a wise move, for both our friends have been growing fat off their own farm right at home, and if the enlarged facilities at Hunker quicken the process, they will have to get new clothes pretty soon, or lengthen the waist bands of their old ones.

F. A. Leitner talks entertainingly of the good times he anticipates when he goes to Baltimore to attend the Convention to be held there the first part of August. He hopes to take in Washington as a side issue and do a lot of visiting of old friends and scenes. Picnics and excursions form a good part of the picture he has been painting. As a matter of course he will have a glorious time. Who ever heard of him not when he had half a chance?

Mr. and Mrs. Bardes are entertaining the former's mother and niece of Cincinnati at present. The Bardes' Acre is a sunny place in Winter and breezy place in Summer, judging by the many friends they entertain under their vine and fig tree at all seasons. Mrs. Dundon, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Corbett, of Bellaire, were among their recent visitors.

Since school closed, Mr. Grimm, our boys' supervisor, has been a howling success—success in losing himself from the public gaze. It is rumored he is actually only around the corner, but so strictly does he observe the rules of business that nobody suspects he is so near—and yet so far. In that respect, I suppose, he is setting a good example for lots of us.

Miss Carrie Finley, of Kittanning, was down to attend the Trinity Guild Picnic at Kennyswood. She reports all the deaf people in her town as being busy and doing well.

Herman Cook and Joshua Finley are running their farm on Ross Island again, and expect far better results this year than last. Farming, or rather gardening, will pay if it is rightly managed.

Dr. Burt was the only representative of our Institution at the Morganton Convention, we believe. He had a pleasant time, and after adjournment of the meeting, he was joined by Mrs. Burt, and together they are making a tour in Eastern parts. They were last heard from at Boston. This is the longest time Mr. Burt has been away from the Institution in many a year, and he needs a vacation just as much as G. T. M.

## WESTERN NEW YORK.

"You needn't be surprised, If, when you get to heaven, You find some sinner there You thought unforgiven. You needn't be surprised, If you should find it true, That he perhaps would stand Nearer our God than you."

Silver Lake is to have a sanitarium soon.

Cultivate good humor, it lightens the burdens of those about you. Mr. Rob Henry, of Silver Springs, was seen at the lake, and caught a number of fish on the Fourth.

Mr. Clarence E. Webster, late of Buffalo, makes his home in Castile, permanently. His parents are there with him now.

Mrs. Jessie Henry and her pretty Frank, of Silver Springs, are spending a week in Alabama, N. Y.

"Woman's love for dry goods and a man's love for wet goods makes countless millions mourn," remarks an exchange.

Mrs. Sadie Browning, of Byron Centre, N. Y., visited Miss Carrie Acheson in Batavia, and also Miss Eastman in Attica, last week, and reported a fine time.

Mr. Lincoln A. Thompson, of Hunts, N. Y., a brother to Mrs. A. T. Mills, of Chefoo, China, called on C. W. Stowell on the 12th.

"Little Minister" M. H. Leary, of Perry, who has been a shoemaker for thirty-three years, is now a farmer. He has just hoed a five acre lot of beans in spite of his age. His wife Kate expects to summer in Byron Centre, N. Y.

Mr. Ralph Lawton, of Little Valley, N. Y., spent several days with his sister in Perry last week. He says he will take in the Elmira Convention.

Miss Nellie Smith, formerly of the Rochester School, and Mr. Fred Brace, of Castile, N. Y., a hearing man, were united in marriage at Castile, last June. Dr. Z. Westervelt performed the ceremony. Perry friends extend congratulations and best wishes.

The Empire State Deaf-Mutes' Convention to be held in Elmira is fast approaching. A large attendance is expected. Every convention goer should prepare a dollar for the treasurer. Gentlemen, never argue about it, but be generous to help swell the sum in the treasury.

The Buffalo *Evening Times* says: "George Webster, of Cincinnati, O., probably is the only deaf and dumb watchman in the country. He looks after the packet steamer 'Virginia.' Robbed by Nature of the power of speech and hearing, his sense of touch has been developed to a remarkable degree. When he is on the boat at night no stranger's foot can be set upon her planks, but that intrusion is instantly detected by him, and the person is promptly located, no matter how they may endeavor to elude his sharp eyes. Even when he is asleep, if he is on duty as watchman, the least unusual sound is communicated to him in some way and he is instantly awake and ready to defend the property of his employers."

OLD SHOE.

### Clerical Conference at Elmira.

With the consent and hearty approval of the Right Rev'd Charles T. Olmsted, D.D., Bishop of Central New York, an informal Conference of Clergy at Work Among the Deaf and Dumb will be held at Elmira on August 17th and 18th.

There will be a special service at Trinity Chapel at 8 P.M., on Thursday, August 17th, to which the members of the Empire State Association are invited. One of the clergy will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion. On Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the clergy will meet in the parlors of Trinity Parish House, where various matters of interest and importance will be informally discussed.

It is hoped that Bishop Olmsted can be present and make a brief address. Further details, as arranged, will be announced later through newspapers.

H. VAN ALLEN.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

### ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M. on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

### PICNIC.

The "Peanut City" Deaf-Mutes will hold their Picnic, on August 12th, 1905, at Dorney's Park, via Allentown. Take Reading trolley from South Seventh Street for the Park.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### The Excursion Somewhat Marred by Rain.

### NINETY-EIGHT PRESENT.

### A Distressing Accident.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Although "Old Sol" designed to cast his benign rays upon this part of this country for a brief time only on Saturday morning, July 22d, over a hundred deaf and their friends patronized the excursion of the Clerc Literary Association to Burlington Island Park, a popular excursion resort on the upper Delaware River, about eighteen miles from this city. That so many took chances with the weather shows that it was an optimistic crowd. There were also more than a hundred hearing people at the Park, and, looking over the grounds, it was observed that the fair sex was pre-eminently in the majority. It may be said then that, whatever the doings of Jupiter Pluvius, the Park was not without charms. This "august god" made his visit after the noon hour, and bade us adieu before the time came for the homeward trip. The grounds, however, were not in condition for athletic sports and other amusements, in which ladies were to participate, and thus the afternoon was spent under cover in the dancing pavilion.

Editor Hodgson was expected on the scene to give some fresh "hoss-car" tales, but it seems that he balked at the appearance of the skies, like a wise "hoss."

A large delegation came down from Trenton, including the Lloyds, the Porters, the Stephensons, the Bowkers and others, and it was a most welcome crowd. The presence of these prominent Trenton deaf-mutes made the absence of Supt. Walker all the more conspicuous.

New Brunswick, another New Jersey town and the home of the late Joshua Foster, was beautifully represented by Miss Mary M. Williamson. Her Philadelphia friends were delighted to meet her again.

Harvey W. Peter, of Slatington, Pa., and Robert N. Stevenson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were among the picnicers, both having many friends here.

Geo. T. Sanders joined the excursion and accompanied the Trenton delegation home, after which he continued his way to Beverly, Mass., to see his wife. The latter expects to undergo an operation soon, and her friends here are wishing that she may pass through the ordeal successfully.

The Philadelphia deaf turned out well, considering the weather, ninety-eight, made the trip by boat. Some others used the trolley to Bristol, which is opposite Burlington Island Park. Had these persons taken the boat instead of the trolley there would have been more than enough for the Association to make a handsome profit. As it was, there were only two lacking of the required number, so no profit was made. The same thing happened last year, and it is doubtful that Burlington Island Park will be selected again for the Association's outing next year.

While the rain simply prevented the use of the grounds for games and picnic purposes, nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the excursionists who were able to have a social time in the large pavilion. Intoxication was no more evident than it was in the Garden of Eden in the time of our first parents, a fact which we were pleased to note.

The start for home was made at a quarter of seven, late time; and the city wharf was reached a few minutes before nine.

A somewhat distressing accident occurred a short time before the 2 o'clock boat left the city wharf. As a result of it Miss Franklin, one of our party, sustained severe injury. As she was making her way to the boat, on the crowded street along the river front, between the Pennsylvania and Reading Ferries, she stumbled over a suit case that lay directly in her path and was unobserved, and she was thrown violently forward striking on her knees. Painful as the fall was, she maintained her senses and was assisted to the boat, apparently suffering mostly from shock. Towards evening, however, she felt pain at the knees and was taken home by friends. Subsequently a doctor examined her injuries and found a fracture at the knee-cap, and she was taken to a hospital. We hope that her injuries are not as bad as reported, and that it is a sprain and not a fracture. The accident is greatly regretted by the lady's numerous friends, and we all wish for her speedy recovery.

Robert Reed Robertson leaves for Boston and other points north this week, going by boat.

Miss Lou H. Little left for Lancaster to-day (Monday), after an enjoyable stay of nearly two months.

Mrs. C. O. Dantzer's mother and sister, and two nieces, of Indiana, are visiting here, and may remain through the summer.

The *North American*, of Sunday last, devoted a full page article to the charming scenery along the Delaware Valley, giving special mention to Artist Ed. W. Redfield, who describes the location as the most beautiful he has seen, and speaks of it as an artist's paradise. The place in question is Centre Bridge, Pa., the place where Harry L. Smith spends his annual vacation in camp, and Artist Redfield is a personal friend of Mr. Smith's, they spending many pleasant hours together in fishing. Mr. Smith left the city on his new sail boat on Saturday last, which is made entirely of steel.

Eugene McCarty is going to take a trip to the St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Canada, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga Spring, Albany, down the Hudson River to New York City, Coney Island, and Atlantic City, on August 1st. His vacation will last three weeks.

## FANWOOD.

On Friday last, at noon time, some of the day laborers went on strike on account of the foreman's harsh treatment, but returned the next morning. In the afternoon at five o'clock when the laborers were paid, a discussion arose between them and the contractor, which resulted in another strike of the majority of the laborers. The rock-drilling apparatus has been set up and the rock-drillers are at work, steam being furnished from their own boiler, not the Institution boiler as mentioned in last week's letter. The work of blasting will begin next week. In spite of the strikes, the work has been pushed with wonderful rapidity.

Here at old Fanwood, time flies like lightning. The writer was accosted the other day and asked the date, which, when it was told, brought an exclamation of surprise: "Why, you don't say so."

Mr. Robert Cook, of Little Rock, Ark., visited Fanwood a fortnight ago, and expressed his great pleasure in having the honor of visiting this Institution. He visited St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and then "Father Knickerbocker's" home. He said that he had traveled about four thousand miles.

Near the new Hospital Building a wall three feet thick and about twenty-five feet high is being constructed so as to make the dumping level. A small derrick is being used to haul rocks near the wall.

On Sunday last, Messrs. A. Kalpe, T. Toburn, G. Gompers, J. Scandal and S. Zimmerman visited the Institution. They looked at the work done in rock drilling in genuine amazement, and it did one good to notice that their mouths were agape.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Mr. Joseph Berkel, tutor of the boys, took them out for a walk along the Boulevard Lafayette to obtain picturesque views of at the American Rhine.

Jacob Amnuth, who left school three years ago, is now living in Elmira, N. Y., and hopes to see his New York friends during the convention in August. He has steady work in the leaf tobacco factory of John Brand & Co.

Thomas Travers, with a deaf-mute friend, named Hansen, was at the Institution on Wednesday of last week. He says vacation is not what it seems to be when school term is on, for really the days are dull when one has nothing to do. Too much leisure is worse than none.

Samuel Cohen says that it is hard to write up red-hot items for the Fanwood column, when the weather is sizzling and the thermometer liable to explode from the upward pressure of the mercury. He hopes to be cool, calm and cogent when the Fall term begins.

C. L.

### Deaf-Mute's Story About Washington.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar the other day, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related. The Professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulation continued until the boy had informed the Professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand.' 'Stop!' interrupted the Professor. 'Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy, 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.



FOURTH ANNUAL  
Picnic & Festival  
under the auspices of the  
**BROOKLYN CLUB**  
Saturday, August 26th  
Grand Street Park  
Maspeth, L. I.

COMMITTEE:  
A. McLaren, Chairman  
W. L. Bowers, P. F. Redington,  
F. Eeka, J. M. Jackson.  
Musie by A. K. Reiff.  
ADMISSION, - 25 CENTS  
Children under ten years, free.

In the afternoon beginning at 2:30 o'clock,  
a game of baseball between the deaf-mutes  
of Connecticut and the Brooklyn Club will  
be played. There will be other games for  
ladies and gentlemen, and prizes awarded  
to winners.

ANNUAL OUTING  
OF THE  
Guild of Silent  
Workers  
AT  
Van Cortlandt Park  
Woodlawn, New York City  
Saturday Afternoon and  
Evening, Aug. 12, '05  
Particulars Later.

THE  
Crestwood Press  
LOUIS A. COHEN, PROP.  
HIGH GRADE  
PRINTING  
EMBOSSING AND ENGRAVING  
Full Count  
Prompt Delivery  
Clean Work  
Lowest Rates  
1412 Fifth Avenue  
Bet. 115th and 116th Sts.  
NEW YORK  
Commercial and Stationery Work  
a specialty.

SUBSCRIBE  
FOR THE  
Deaf-Mutes' Journal  
ONLY  
\$1 a Year.

PATENTS  
promptly obtained OR NO FEE. Trade-Marks,  
Copyrights and Labels registered.  
Twenty Years Practice. Highest references.  
Send model, sketch or photo. For free report  
on patentability. All business confidential.  
HARD-BOOK FREE. Explain everything. Tell  
How to Obtain and Sell Patents. What Inventions  
Will Pay. How to Get a Patent. Explain how  
mechanical movements, and contain \$500 or  
subjects of importance to inventors.  
Address:  
**H. B. WILSON & CO.** Patent  
Attorneys  
Box 63 Wilton Bldg. WASHINGTON, D. C.

That's It! Go Any Time  
via  
Reading Route  
NEW JERSEY CENTRAL  
TO PHILADELPHIA.  
"A Train Every Hour."  
Direct to  
Reading Terminal.  
COACHES AND  
PARLOR CARS  
LATEST DESIGN.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONVENTION  
OF THE  
EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION  
(OF DEAF-MUTES)  
**ELMIRA, N. Y.**  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
August 17th, 18th, 19th, '05.

PROGRAM.  
THURSDAY AUGUST 17.—Opening Session,  
2 o'clock P.M.  
Invocation.  
Address of Welcome.—City Official.  
Address by the President, Edwin Allan  
Hodgson.  
Appointment of Enrollment Committee.  
Reports of Officers.  
Reports of Standing Committees.  
Report of Local Committee.  
Miscellaneous Business.  
Communications.  
Paper—"Both Ends Against the Middle,"  
by Dr. Thomas F. Fox.  
Discussion.  
Report of Committee on Enrollment.  
Appointment of Committees.  
Adjournment.  
FRIDAY MORNING, August 18th.—Business  
Session.  
Invocation.  
Paper—"Knocking" and "Knockers."  
By Mr. Alex. L. Pach.  
Discussion.  
Announcements. Communications.  
New Business.  
Paper—"The Second Mile." By Mr. Ro-  
bert E. Maynard.  
Discussion.  
Report of Committee on Resolutions.  
Report of Committee on Nominations.  
Election of Officers.  
Unfinished Business.  
FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—Business Session.  
FRIDAY EVENING.—Reception and Banquet.  
SATURDAY MORNING, August 19.—Picnic  
at Eldridge Park. Visit to the El-  
mira Reformatory in the afternoon.

The Sessions of the Convention will be held in the CITY HALL of Elmira,  
on East Church Street, corner Lake Street, about ten minutes walk from the  
Headquarters of the Association.  
Religious service will be given on Thursday evening, at a place to be announced.

HOTELS AND RATES. (All hotels run on American Plan.)  
HEADQUARTERS.—Hotel Langwell, on State Street, corner of Market Street; \$2.00 per  
day, two in a room; \$2.50 per day, one in a room.  
Rathbun House.—Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, according to location of rooms.  
Elmira House.—On State Street, near corner of Market Street, \$1.00 per day.  
Rooms can be engaged by addressing the hotels mentioned above.

RAILROADS AND RATES.  
As the Association is not in a position to guarantee a fixed number attending the Con-  
vention, the rate of "a fare and a third" is not possible to secure.  
The various railroads entering Elmira are the Erie R. R., Delaware, Lackawanna &  
Western R. R., Northern Central (Pennsylvania), and Lehigh Valley R. R., on all of  
which Summer Tourist reduced rate tickets are on sale.  
Those living along the Auburn Road (N. Y. Central) should take trains to Geneva, then  
take steamboat to Watkins, thence by trolley to Elmira. Round trip fare by this route,  
\$1.00, Geneva to Elmira.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.—FRANK MURRAY, Chairman, 320 West Ave.,  
Elmira, N. Y.; HENRY H. SKINNER, WILLIS H. DENSON, MORRIS  
H. KNOX.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, President.  
ROBERT E. MAYNARD, Secretary,  
20 TERRACE PL., YONKERS, N. Y.  
Address all communications to the Secretary.

NINETEENTH CONVENTION  
Pennsylvania Society for the  
Advancement of the Deaf

Announcement of the Committee on Arrangements, Program,  
Excursion, Picnic, Hotels, Railroad, Etc.

The Nineteenth Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the  
Advancement of the Deaf will be held in the Court House, Lebanon,  
Pa., on August 23d to 25th, 1905.

PROGRAMME  
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23d, from 10 A.M. to  
1 P.M.  
1. Address of welcome by the mayor, Hon.  
Edgar Weiner.  
2. Reply to the address of welcome and  
annual address by the President of the  
Society, Mr. M. R. Allabough.  
3. Annual report of Board of Managers.  
4. Addresses by members and others.  
5. Announcements by Committee on Ar-  
rangements.  
6. Recession.  
The rest of the day will be devoted to  
sight-seeing, under the direction of Local  
Members of the Society: Chas. Buchter,  
Walter Tobias, Miss Minnie Moyer, Mrs. M.  
E. Lohse, Miss Mildred Zeller, and others.  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 8 P.M., Public  
Meeting.  
1. Introductory address by Pres. Allabough.  
2. Annual Report of the Board of Trustees  
of the Home.  
3. Address by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Super-  
intendent, Pennsylvania Institute for  
the Deaf and Dumb, Mt. Airy, Phila-  
delphia, Pa.  
4. Address by members and others.  
5. Resolutions, if any.  
6. Adjournment.  
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24TH, at  
9:30 A.M.  
1. Introductory address by the President  
of the Society.  
2. Reports of committees.  
3. Unfinished business.  
4. New business.  
5. Addresses by members and others.  
6. Recession.  
7. The Convention will be photographed by  
Charles Partington, of Chester, Pa.  
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 P.M.  
1. Introductory remarks by the President.  
2. Election of four new Managers.  
3. Reports of committees.  
4. Unfinished business.  
5. New business.  
6. Addresses by members and others.  
7. Announcements by the Committee of  
Arrangements.  
8. Adjournment sine die.

THURSDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock.  
Edison's Moving Picture Exhibition  
Reproduced with all the realism of life.  
Come and spend a delightful evening at  
SONS OF AMERICA HALL  
for the benefit of the Home for Aged and  
Infirm Deaf. Admission tickets, 25 cents.  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25TH. All day  
Grand Excursion to Mount Gretna  
For the benefit of the Home for Aged and  
Infirm Deaf. Round trip tickets, adults  
30 cents; children 15 cents, between 10 and  
12 years of age.  
Trains leave Lebanon at 9 A.M., 10:15  
A.M., 1:31 P.M., 2:35 P.M. Returning, leave  
R. M. Ziegler, Chairman.  
THOMAS BRUN,  
1353 N. PATON ST., Phila.  
EDWARD D. WILSON,  
1733 N. 16th ST., Phila.  
Committee of Arrangements of the  
Board of Managers.

Nobody at St. Louis  
should be without  
PACH'S Souvenir  
Groups  
Banquet Group  
Illinois Group  
French Government Building  
Group

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00  
EACH  
Sent prepaid on receipt of  
price

Alex L. Pach  
935 Broadway, New York

St. Louis Congress  
Photographs.  
(OFFICIAL.)

1. World's Congress, (11x14) \$1.25
2. Gallaudet Alumni, " 1.25
3. Missouri Convention, " 1.25
4. Illinois Convention, " 1.00
2. Indiana Delegation, " 1.25
6. Grand Ball, " 1.25
7. Columbus, O., Re-Union, 1.25

Printed on highly finished bro-  
mide paper.  
Get one or more souvenirs of the  
greatest and grandest Congress ever  
held.  
Mailed to any part of the world  
upon receipt of price.

George F. Flick,  
Official Photographer,  
1017 W. HOPKINS AVE.,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

Theo. I. Lounsbury  
Book  
Job and  
Commercial  
Printer

Convention Proceedings  
Institution Reports  
Institution Stationery  
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.  
50 Cards, with name, .35  
100 " " " .70  
50 " " " .35  
100 " " " .70  
EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.  
50 Cards (no alphabets). 40  
100 " " " .80  
Cash in advance. Stamps accepted.  
Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries.  
or for sample.

BUY THE  
NEW HOME  
SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who ad-  
vertise a \$50.00 Sewing Machine for  
\$20.00. This kind of a machine can  
be bought from us or any of our  
dealers from \$15.00 to \$19.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.  
THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.  
The Feed determines the strength or  
weakness of Sewing Machines. The  
Double Feed combined with other  
strong points makes the New Home  
the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the dif-  
ferent styles of  
Sewing Machines  
we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.  
ORANGE, MASS.  
25 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga.,  
St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.  
FOR SALE BY

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.

Electric Flash Lights.  
Electric Vest Pocket Searchlight, .85 cents, \$1.00,  
\$1.25, \$1.50  
Electric Flash Lights, 1.50 to 2.00  
Electric Scarf Pin Lights, 1.50 and 2.00  
Electrically Lighted Clocks, .35 to .50  
Electric Bicycle Lights, .50 to 1.00  
Electric Gas Lighters, .20 to .40  
Electric Watchman's Lanterns, .50 to .75  
Electric Candle Lights, .35 to .50  
Electric Home Lights, .35 to .50  
Electric Head Reflector Lights, .50 to .75  
Electric Physicians' Pocket Sets, .35 to .50  
Electric Cigar Lighters, .35 to .50  
Electric Book Lights, .35 to .50  
Electric Ruby Lamps for Photographers, .25 and .50  
Electric Medical Batteries, .100 to .150  
Electric Walking Cane, .50 to .60  
Palo Clocks (Wonder of the new century), .50  
Electric Burglar Alarm for the protection of  
travellers, .500

W. E. Shaw, Electrician,  
Room 33 1140 Columbus Ave.,  
BOSTON MASS.

THE COMPANY THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS  
INCREASED CAPITAL  
DULUTH  
INCORPORATED 1899

OUR GROWTH.  
CAPITAL STOCK  
(Paid In.)  
July 1, 1899, (at organization)..... \$12,500  
January 1, 1900..... 25,000  
July 1, 1900..... 35,900  
January 1, 1901..... 25,550  
July 1, 1901..... 32,950  
January 1, 1902..... 33,200  
July 1, 1902..... 39,175  
January 1, 1903..... 40,425  
July 1, 1903..... 45,600  
January 1, 1904..... 49,575  
July 1, 1904..... 52,550  
January 1, 1905..... 55,800

THE DIVIDENDS WE HAVE  
PAID  
January 1, 1900..... \$414 81  
July 1, 1900..... 694 48  
Jan'y 1, 1901 Regular Dividend.. 788 75  
July 1, 1901 Extra Dividend.... 550 10  
January 1, 1902..... 807 91  
July 1, 1902..... 896 90  
January 1, 1903..... 977 26  
July 1, 1903..... 1,075 46  
January 1, 1904..... 1,203 70  
July 1, 1904..... 1,363 06  
January 30, 1904, Extra Dividend.. 2,985 00  
July 1, 1904..... 1,308 01  
January 1, 1905..... 1,466 27  
\$14,450 75.

We Offer:  
1. A safe investment for savings.  
2. An inducement to save.  
For information, address  
JAY COOKE HOWARD, Sec'y,  
Duluth, Minn.

TRADE MARK  
CYKO  
Photo  
Paper  
Prints at Night  
If your dealer cannot supply  
you, send 20c. for one dozen  
4 x 5 size with developer.

THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.  
122 & 124 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.  
Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash  
CHICAGO.

The Gallaudet Memorial.  
It is proposed to create a memorial  
to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet,  
D.D., by the erection of a Parish  
Building for St. Ann's Church for  
Deaf-Mutes. The present Church  
is situated on 148th Street, just west  
of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built  
some twenty-five feet back from the  
line of the street to permit the erec-  
tion of such a building as above  
indicated, which will form a facade  
to the church edifice and be a center  
of religious and social life amongst  
the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet  
hoped during his lifetime to see the  
erection of this building, which  
would have completed the church  
with which his name has always  
been associated. This was not per-  
mitted, and it is suggested as a  
most fitting memorial to him that  
this work be now undertaken. St.  
Ann's Church is used wholly for  
the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a  
plot of ground about forty-five feet  
along the street front and twenty-  
five feet in depth. It will be three  
stories in height, with a basement,  
and will be used for the social, re-  
ligious and industrial needs of the  
deaf-mutes of New York. The  
amount required for "The Gallau-  
det Memorial Parish Building" will  
be about \$30,000, and the building  
itself, in its position and purpose,  
will form a conspicuous monument  
to him whose life was devoted to the  
silent peoples. They themselves  
heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer,  
Lincoln National Bank,  
Forty-second Street, East,  
New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.  
The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of  
New York.  
The Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., Rector of  
Grace Church.  
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector St. Bartho-  
lomew's Church.  
The Rev. Ernest M. Stiles, D.D., Rector of St.  
Thomas Church.  
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 35 West 54th Street.  
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 18 West 45th Street.  
Mr. William E. Stiger, 18 West 73d Street.  
Mr. J. Van Vechten Olcott, 33 West 72 Street.  
Mr. William G. Davis, 22 East 45th Street.  
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, 42 Exchange Place.  
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 43d Street.  
Mr. John H. Washburn, 19 Broadway.  
Mr. H. H. Cammann, 21 Liberty Street.  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES  
The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St.  
Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 32  
West 84th Street.  
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Mat-  
thew's Parish, 20 West 57th Street.  
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln  
National Bank, Forty-second Street, East,  
New York.

WHERE do you spend the  
Summer?

"TRY THE SIMPLE LIFE."



Oak Mount Farm, Woodward and Cook, Prop's.  
In the famous Pine Belt of New Jersey. (An ideal place for the Deaf.)

What about the boy during vacation?  
SUMMER SCHOOL AND CAMP  
FOR BOYS

Physical Training, Boating, Bathing, Fishing.

Tutoring under competent Instructors.

Write for Booklets.

N. Y. City Office T. G. COOK,  
2105 Seventh Avenue.

AT COSMOPOLITAN PARK  
169th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

Saturday, August 5, 1905

Fifteenth Annual Afternoon  
Outing and Summertime Festival

League of Elect Surds

MANAGEMENT OF  
Anthony Capelli (Chairman), Max Miller, Frederick Hoffman

Music by Ambrose K. Reiff Admission, 25 cents  
Children under 10 years, if accompanied by parents, free.

Games for Children in the Afternoon  
Bowling for Prizes in the Evening

In the afternoon, beginning at 2:30 o'clock, a series of games  
for children will be held, and prizes awarded to winners—

EGG RACE  
POTATO RACE  
WALKING BACKWARD

Other interesting features will be

Cake Walk and Fancy Dancing

After the games the rest of the afternoon will be devoted  
to dancing for the little folks. At 4:30 P.M., there will be a  
grand march, exclusively for children of deaf parents.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED  
No Money Required

until you receive and approve of your bicycle.  
We ship to anyone on **Ten Days Free Trial**  
Finest guaranteed  
1905 Models \$10 to \$24  
with Coaster - Brakes and Punctureless Tires.  
1903 & 1904 Models \$7 to \$12  
Any make or model you want at one-third usual  
price. Choice of any standard tires and best  
equipment on all our bicycles. Strongest guarantee.  
We SHIP ON APPROVAL C. O. D. to any  
one without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS  
FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding.  
**500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8**  
taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores.  
all makes and models, good as new.  
a bicycle until you have written for our **FACTORY**  
**DO NOT BUY PRICES AND FREE TRIAL OFFER.** Time  
equipment, sundries and sporting goods of all kinds, at half regular price, in our  
big free Sundry Catalogue. Contains a world of useful information. Write for it.

PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES \$4.75 PER PAIR

Regular price \$8.50 per pair.  
To introduce \$4.75  
we will Sell  
You a Sample  
Pair for Only  
NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES  
Result of 15 years experience in tire making.  
No danger from THORNS, CACTUS,  
PINS, NAILS, TACKS or GLASS. Serious  
punctures, like intentional knife cuts, can be  
vulcanized like any other tire.  
EASY RIDING, STRONG,  
DURABLE, SELF HEALING  
FULLY COVERED BY PATENTS  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
Send for Catalogue "T" showing all kinds and makes of tires at \$2.00 per pair and up—  
also Coaster-Brakes, Built-up Wheels and Bicycles—Sundries at **Half the usual prices.**  
Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "C." This tire will  
outlast any other make—Soft, Elastic and Easy Riding. We will ship C. O. D. ON APPROVAL  
AND EXAMINATION without a cent deposit.  
We will allow a **cash discount** of 5% (thereby making the price \$4.50 per pair) if you  
send **full cash with order.** Tires to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory on  
examination.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. "J.L." CHICAGO, ILL.**